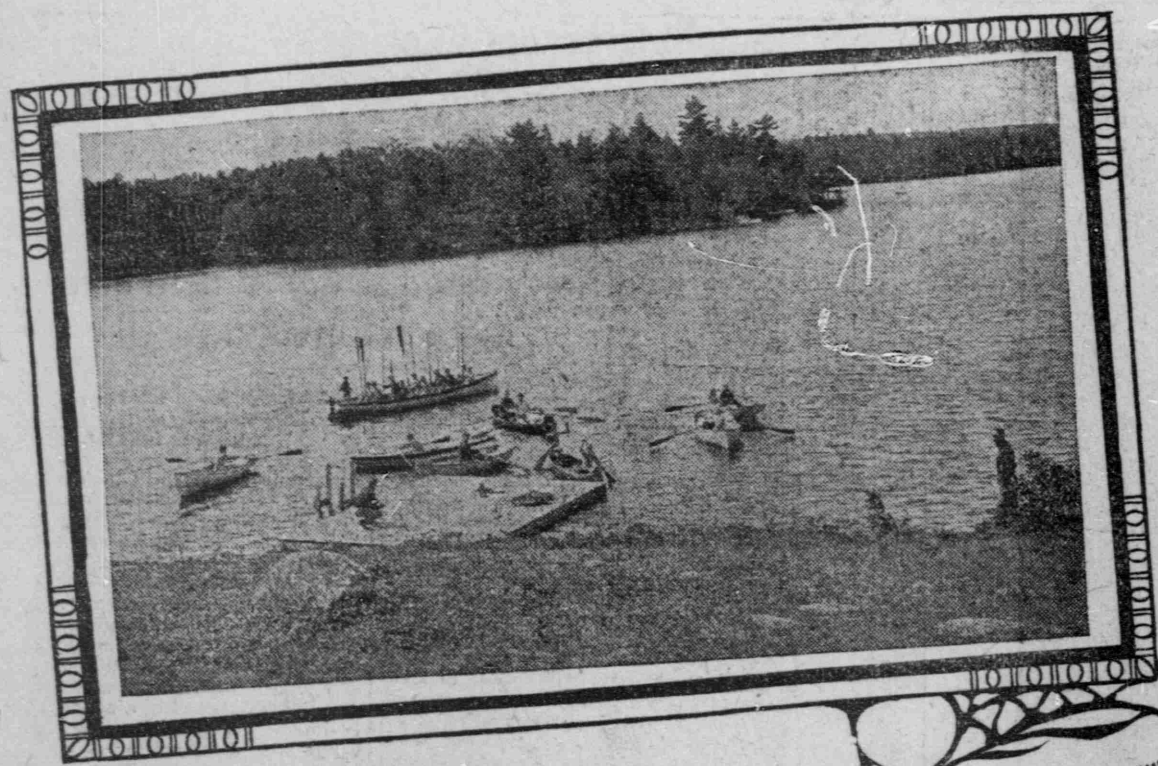


## WASHINGTON BOYS' DELIGHTS BY FOREST AND STREAM



THE LAKE OFFERS ATTRACTIONS.

With oar and paddle the waters are parted and swift boats speed from shore to shore.

The Sturdy Boyhood That Spends Each Summer Vacation at Camp Kineo Learns to Find Nature a Tender and Gracious Friend.

Discipline Keeps a Tight Rein, But Is Never So Closely Checked That Natural Inclinations Are Suppressed.

HOW many young men and boys know what "camping out" really means? How many have spent the summer months in camp in the beautiful mountain and lake regions of New England? To those who have, this article will recall many pleasant recollections, and to those who have been less fortunate it will point out the way to pass a profitable and enjoyable vacation.

How pleasant to be associated with real men and manly boys, the environments nature's lofty and kindly influences, to breathe the purest air untainted with the odor of cigar and pipe, to feel that one is safe from all contamination and free to enjoy that outdoor life which gives health and vigor with each new breath.

Recognizing the existence of these conditions, summer camps for boys have been established in the last few years, principally in the Northern States, to provide a safe and pleasant place for young men to spend their vacation. The healthful climate and many natural attractions of New England present unsurpassing advantages and opportunities to the camping party, and the mountain-lake region of Maine forms the best locations. Here we find lofty mountains of the grandest magnificence inviting the pedestrian to their summits; lakes of unsurpassable beauty offering their peaceful and wide expanse to the canoeist; streams with quiet pools and silvery rapids teeming with fish awaiting an opportunity to bite and delight the heart of the angler.

## Cool Breezes of Kineo.

In the warm summer months when the oppressive heat of the crowded cities drives the well-to-do to seek refreshing breezes in a cooler climate, we find the New England States bedecked with the white canvas of the camper's tent.

The Northern families, far more than those south of Mason and Dixon's line, seem to appreciate the advantages of this kind of a summer's outing, and as a result these camps are very liberally patronized, especially those of Maine and New Hampshire. This patronage, however, is not wholly confined to the Northern boys, for frequently young men are in attendance from States as far South as Mississippi and Georgia; nor, indeed, have the boys a monopoly of this kind of life, for there are numerous camps for girls, wisely conducted and well attended.

One of the best known camps for boys is Camp Kineo, which is situated on Long Lake, Maine, about forty miles from Portland. It is owned by G. H. Sensner, headmaster of Emerson Institute, of Washington, and F. D. Sears, of Boston, who are assisted in the management by skilled teachers and athletes selected from the leading boys' schools of the country on account of their special fitness for this kind of work. The managers are college graduates and teachers by profession. Their wide experience with young men has eminently fitted them for the wise conduct of a summer camp.

## Washington Boys in Camp.

A number of Washington young men and boys each year join their comrades from other cities in spending their summer vacation at this camp. Already several students of the District schools have become members of this year's party, and are looking forward with keen interest to the time when school

will be closed and they will be free to cry: "On to camp!"

The Washington and Baltimore campers will leave here about June 23, under the care of Mr. Sensner, going to New York by rail, where steamer is taken for Portland, thence by rail to Sebago Lake, and from there directly to camp.

Kineo is ideally situated on the east bank of Long Lake, which connects with Songo River and Sebago Lake, forming an uninterrupted waterway of thirty miles, affording excellent opportunities for boating, bathing, and fishing. This section was once the hunting and fishing ground of Indian tribes, and they have left behind them many evidences of their former occupancy.

Sebago Lake (Indian name for stretch of water) is fourteen miles long and eleven wide, and is one of the grandest inland waters of Maine. Steaming along its eastern shore in the direction of Camp Kineo, one can see on the cliffs to the right the celebrated "Images" painted by the Indians. These represent an Indian wigwam with the chief of the tribe sitting at the doorway watching over the nearby fire that is cooking his evening meal; an Indian war dance; a bear wounded by a hunter and a deer bounding over the rocks; a beautiful Indian girl, who, when pursued by the white men, jumped from a high cliff and was killed; Captain Frye making his leap for life into the water. The captain, when chased by the Indians, leaped from the cliff into the lake, seventy feet below, and swam to safety to an island one-half mile away, now called Frye's Island.

## The Poets Wax Eloquent.

Near here, too, is Hawthorne Cave, a favorite boyhood haunt of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Whittier has written in his "Funeral Trio of the Sokokis":

Around Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firm which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy shore.

The sun looked o'er with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Filed coldly up against the sky.

Passing out of Songo Lake, one enters the Songo River, (Indian for "outlet"), the crookedest and most interesting of rivers—there is none like it in the world. In order to cover an air-line distance of two and a half miles one must travel six and make twenty-seven complete turns, and at each turn one could jump from the vessel to the shore.

## Longfellow says:

Nowhere such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake by lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself,  
Flows the stream so still and slow,  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never earnest knight of old,  
Lost on woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

In the mirror of its tide,  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang united, and between,  
Floating cloud of sky serene.

## Buildings at the Camp.

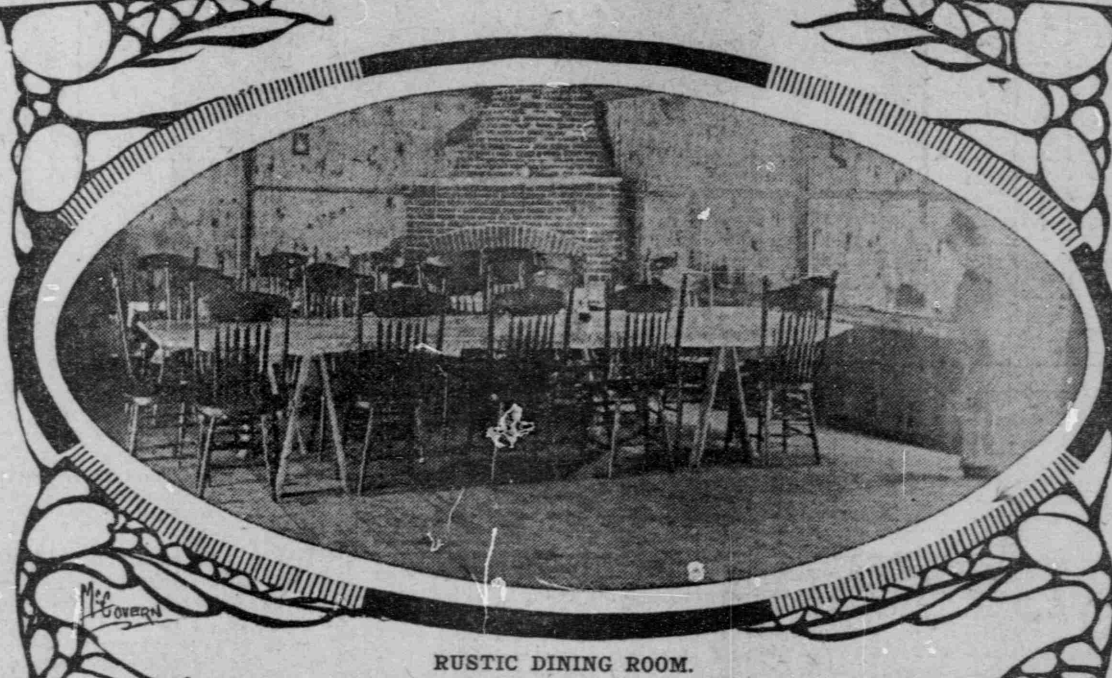
To the main building at Camp Kineo, are attached an office, icehouse, cold storage room, and kitchen, modeled on such a plan and so well equipped that they have been the envy of every housekeeper who has seen them. However, the "Hall" is not provided with cut-glass, mahogany furniture, and expensive bric-a-brac, but the furniture and

## Whittier's Tribute.

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RUSTIC DINING ROOM.



THE TRACK TEAM AT KINEO.

Exercise in the open brings the ruddy hue of health to the cheeks of those who spend the summer at the camp.

arrangements are such that the boys can have basketball and indoor baseball games on rainy days. The culinary department is in charge of an experienced chef and assistants. Unlike most camps of this kind, the boys have nothing to do with this department but eat, which they do, it is needless to say, with almost insatiable appetites. The only work required of a boy is that he must take good care of his own things, and aid in keeping the camp surroundings in a neat and sanitary condition.

The boys sleep in 12 by 15 foot tents, with board floors and canvas cots, and these canvas houses are as dry as our city houses of brick and plaster. Rowboats, rafts, and all things necessary for aquatic sports are at everyone's disposal, but under proper supervision. The boys are encouraged to live out of doors and to take part in all the athletic sports. Baseball, tennis, rowing, swimming, mountain climbing, and fishing are daily diversions. The daily routine of the camp is about as follows:

The "getting-up" hour is 6:45, followed by a "setting-up" drill. Breakfast is at 7:30, after which comes tent inspection and tutoring (which is optional). The "getting-up" hour is 6:45, followed by a "setting-up" drill. Breakfast is at 7:30, after which comes tent inspection and tutoring (which is optional). The "getting-up" hour is 6:45, followed by a "setting-up" drill. Breakfast is at 7:30, after which comes tent inspection and tutoring (which is optional).

## Plenty of Change Made.

Of course, if this routine were followed from day to day, without variation, it would prove somewhat monotonous, but it is safe to say that there is never a dull day in camp—something is constantly being planned for the amusement and diversion of the boys, and they spend but few idle moments.

One of the most interesting and amusing features of the camp, at least from one point of view, is the "setting-up" drill in the morning. The boys are aroused by the blowing of a bugle or the ringing of a huge cow-bell, whose discordant tones convey anything but pleasant music to the sleepy youngsters. No time is taken to dress, but in pajamas and night dresses they appear upon the campus to do all sorts of turns and twists, under the wise direction of Mr. Sears, who is an ardent advocate of free-hand exercises. To see this incongruous group, in gowns of pink, blue, and variegated colors, performing their peculiar gyrations would give many a mother heart failure from sheer exhaustion induced by laughter.

A regular camp uniform is prescribed, and the boys find this the cleanest and most comfortable and economical way

to dress. Camp is not a place for "boiled shirts," high collars, and creased trousers, but presents an excellent opportunity to wear out old and discarded garments.

Once or twice each week a trip of several days' length is taken to some mountain, lake, or other point of interest. On these trips the boys carry their blankets in regular army fashion, sleep out of doors, or in hay lofts, and depend upon the stores and farm houses for food. The country folk throughout the State are very kind and accommodating, and for 20 or 25 cents will furnish a liberal and wholesome meal, and the privilege of sleeping in the barn.

## Through White Mountains.

Last year the most pleasant and instructive trip was that through the White Mountains of New Hampshire, taken by a party of thirteen, under the guidance of Mr. Sensner. On this trip the boys walked 120 miles in six days, which is remarkable, when one takes into consideration that they climbed several mountain peaks and visited many points of interest.

There is no scenery anywhere in the United States which surpasses that of the White Mountains, the "Switzerland of America." Mount Washington, the highest peak, rises to a height of 6,288 feet, forming the grandest mountain east of the Rockies. It is visited every summer by thousands of tourists, who ascend, for the most part, by means of the most novel railroad in America.

The itinerary of the boys was through picturesque Freyburg, Me.; North Conway and Intervale, N. H., and up Mount Washington through the famous Tuckerman's ravine. During the ascent a cold wind and rainstorm overtook the party when about half way up, and the night had to be spent at Hermit Lodge, a little shelter of rough boughs and logs built by the Appalachian Mountain Club, whose goodly offices have been gratefully appreciated by many a lost and benighted traveler. In this shelter the party spent a most uncomfortable night, the thermometer registering about 30 degrees and the wind blowing at sixty miles. After a sumptuous breakfast of graham crackers and cheese, the remnants of a like supper, the ascent was resumed, the encompassing clouds so dense that one could scarcely see his neighbor only a few yards distant.

## The Snow of the Summer.

At the head of the ravine, just before entering upon a broad expanse of barren boulders far above the line of vegetation, a drift of snow several feet deep lay directly across the trail, and here the boys enjoyed the novelty of a snow-battle in midsummer, the 13th of August. On reaching the Summit House a prearranged hotel lashed down to the mountain by ropes of iron, and whose only commendable feature is its excellent cuisine, it is unnecessary to say that

this camping party did full justice to a splendid dinner. One youngster, whose unexcelled record at camp for one breakfast is four bananas, three oranges, three plates of oatmeal, two shredded wheat biscuits, five eggs, innumerable

## VARIED SOCIAL LIFE OF ARMY AND NAVY WOMEN

(Copyright, 1904, by Waldon Fawcett.)

THE army wife recently filed a very emphatic protest with the War Department at Washington.

The burden of her plaint is that the plums of the service, in the form of assignments to act as military instructors at private academies and colleges in the United States, are all being bestowed upon retired officers who already enjoy the boon of homes of their own, while the younger men who are on the active list get never a chance at these positions so desirable from a social standpoint, but are relegated to isolated posts in the West, in Alaska, and the Philippines, where their wives and daughters have few advantages.

The social life of the army and navy is an always interesting subject, because it is so full of contrasts and so radically different from every other sphere of similar activity. It is only occasionally that the general public has forced upon it evidence that there are shades as well as lights in this attractive existence. As it is, the evidence contained in this petition to the Secretary of War that all is not sunshine in the life of the army wife will soon be forgotten by that very large portion of the feminine public which is fascinated by the most spectacular branch of official life.

The social careers of most of the women of the army and navy may be said to begin at West Point or Annapolis, for it is at the Military Academy or the Naval Academy that the curtain is rung up on most of the pretty little romances which culminate in service weddings with an abundance of pomp and gold lace. The winter is the season of the greatest social activity at Annapolis, while at West Point the summer is the playtime looked forward to with the greatest anticipation by the cadets. At the Naval Academy the great events of the winter are the "hops" which are held at frequent intervals, and to which flock girls from all parts of the country. The midshipman who is heart-whole and fancy-free is provided with strong incentive to surrender to Cupid by the belles who are invited to the

hot cakes, three mugs of milk, and "trimmings," was observed to eat everything on the bill of fare, except horse radish. When asked why he did not make the record complete he said he "didn't want to appear pigish!"

The party descended the mountain over the old Crawford bridge path to the Crawford Hotel, and thence to North Conway through the famous Crawford Notch, and, after climbing Mount Kearsarge, headed for home.

The climb up Mount Washington is dangerous and treacherous, and several lives have been lost by persons wandering off the trails in cloudy and snowy weather. The boys observed several crosses marking the places where travelers had perished, frozen to death in the snow.

Rowing is one of the healthful and pleasant exercises in which the boys daily indulge, and many an interesting trip is taken in the big ten-oared boat. The picture shows the boys just returned from a sail of thirty-six miles during a severe squall, and pronounced by the crew, the most enjoyable experience in their lives.

## Baseball Fans' Interest.

Kineo is in a "hot" baseball district, and the camp had the second best team in the league last year, losing the championship by a single game by a very narrow margin. Many college boys spend their vacation in these camps and neighboring towns, and the teams play a fast and clean game of ball. Above is shown the Kineo team going to

Camp Katahdin to lower the standard of their bitterest rivals. The camp has a good double tennis court, and at Bridgton, just across the lake, are the links of the Bridgton Golf Club, open to the campers.

This section is the very center of the finest fishing in the Pine Tree State, and is the original home of the famous land-locked salmon. Many of the lakes are stocked each year, and black bass, perch, and pickerel are plentiful. The camp cove is one of the best fishing grounds of the vicinity, and the boys have been very successful, landing bass last year weighing as high as five pounds, and some days catching a string of thirty bass, pickerel, and perch.

While camp rules and regulations are not severe, still a boy is not allowed to feel that he is free from all responsibility and restraint, and that because he is "camping out," he needs must forget those little things in the everyday life that mark the gentleman.

Nature preaches to a boy in the grandeur of its purity and points him to his Maker and his Friend. A boy preaches to himself more than any outsider, but environment gives suggestion and a text. The greatest education a boy can have is to know others of high aims and good morale; to recognize the rights of his fellows; to enter into their life and aid in developing and making the common good. Every boy must leave home sooner or later to fight life's battles. Can he do so with a greater good than to be given the preparatory opportunity offered by a summer camp conducted on a wise and broad plan?

THE CAMP IN THE GROVE.  
Through the vista of the trees, the tents loom out in picturesque beauty.

Other Camps in the Neighborhood Are the Incentive to Athletic Rivalry, and Games Offer Opportunities for Prowess.

The Lake Is a Constant Delight, and in the Twilight a Myriad of Boats Dot and Beautify Its Wide Expanse.

old town on Chesapeake Bay as the guests of the wives of the officers stationed there as instructors, and on the other hand the future ensign who has already decided that there is only one girl for him is a poor diplomat if he cannot obtain for her an invitation to be the guest of some obliging matron, wife, like all the world, loves a lover.

At West Point the announcement that the winter quarters in the big barracks, is the signal for the inauguration of a series of hops and other social festivities that continue without abatement until camp is broken on August 28. Every day during the vacation season, too, dress parade brings out many pretty spectators in muslins, and there are an exceptional number of strollers in the famous Filtration Walk.

The navy bride has, under present conditions, a kinder fate than her sister of the army, for it is customary to assure a young naval or Marine Corps officer who marries at least one year's "shore duty" as a honeymoon, but since Uncle Sam became a world power the young army officer is more likely than not to have as his wedding tour a compulsory journey to some remote military post in the Philippines. The army women as a class, it may be remarked, are anything but friendly to "expansion."

The older ones were victims of the Louisiana Purchase, which brought them away from the peaceful life of the plains of the West, and now the younger ones are being, to use the feminine expression, "buried" in the Philippines, with a long, wearisome voyage on a transport as a prelude.

However, the monotonous garrison life has some compensations, particularly if the women who make up the social life of the post are reasonably congenial. "Reasonably" is the word to use in this connection, for anything more than moderation in any of the things which would be too much to expect. There is probably more jealousy in the army and navy than in any other branch of our population, unless it be, perhaps, the theatrical profession, and such a small town where every person knows everybody else, and a large share of his neighbor's domestic and business affairs, it goes without saying that the soil is fertile for personal clashes of one sort or another.

On the other hand the families on such an oasis in the wilderness are largely dependent upon each other for diversions, and the women grow mar-

velously resourceful in devising varied amusements within such limitations.

The girl who pays a visit to one of these isolated army posts where there are a number of young officers, enjoys a homage calculated to turn the head of the most sensible of Miss Columbia's daughters, but the young bride who gains her first experience of army life in such environment is likely to find need for much patience, infinite social diplomacy, and not a little philosophy, and even this equipment may not save her from a few heartburns.

In the navy the only women who enjoy social life under conditions that correspond to those in the army are those whose husbands or fathers are stationed at navy yards or naval stations. Such an environment usually betokens conditions as nearly ideal as may be, for the navy yards are, almost without exception, located in or near large cities, and thus the coterie of navy women have not only their own immediate circle, but also the larger activities of the urban community at hand. In both army and navy service social life reaches the acme of perfection in development at the National Capital, where there are constantly on duty enough officers of each service to make a community of their own, to say nothing of the numerous retired officers who make their homes in Washington.

In the whole range of our military and naval life perhaps the women most to be pitied are those navy wives whose husbands are on sea duty. Under such circumstances the wife is doomed to months or even years of separation with the only alternative the follow-up of her husband's ship from port to port. Inasmuch as it is against the regulations for any woman to travel on a cruising war vessel in regular service the navy wife is under the necessity of following on a passenger steamer which, of course, involves considerable expense. Arrived at the port where the American fleet is at anchor the wife may visit her husband on his ship during the day but she must go ashore each night, often braving the uncertainties of second or third-rate boarding houses in order to obtain quarters near the waterfront. Even this life has its compensations, however, for on the days when a navy officer can obtain shore leave he and his wife can spend hours in sightseeing and in prowling among the quaint shops and bazaars, and not infrequently there are unexpected little social triumphs in opportunities to be presented informally to royalty, or to enjoy hospitalities at palaces well worthy of a visit.

WALDON FAWCETT.